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NO. 3.

THE MAINE FARMER.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

MEADOW HAY, ALIAS BOG HAY.

What are the qualities of this kind of hay? What ingredients does it contain that the common upland grasses, such as timothy, herd's grass, orchard grass and clover do not possess? or what ingredients that they contain does it lack? These are questions which chemistry must answer, but which she has not yet disclosed, because no man has yet gone to the labor and expense of asking her in an experimental manner.

The grasses which flourish on the bog meadows of this country, are of various kinds, and often times the different kinds are mingled in together, and are composed of the flat grasses (*carex*) poly pods, cling-grass, (*clivers* or *gallium*), and many others. Some of them appear to lack the flinty coat which is found on herd's grass, &c. This would seem to indicate a lack of flint or silicious matter in the soil, but if you should add a little more water to this same soil, the scouring rush (*equisetum*) would begin to grow in place of the others, and every one knows that there appears to be flint enough or something marvelously like it in this. This kind of rush, or grass, is found to be first rate to give milk cows, increasing the quantity and quality of milk better than any other grass that is made into hay. Now what ingredients has it not to be found in the other bog grasses? Chemistry has not answered, for chemistry has not been asked in the proper way. Some of the bog grasses seem to possess much more astringent qualities than common grasses, rendering cattle &c., fed upon it, constive, and sometimes injuring them in this way.

We have much to learn in this department of agriculture. Indeed, we have almost a new field to explore in regard to these soils and their products. There never has been any classification of the different kinds of soils, which come under the denomination of bog land. The very term "bog" is exceedingly indefinite. Some applying it to those lands that are so saturated with water that they will shake by your weight as you travel over them. The term is also applied to lands made up of muck or peat, sufficiently solid to allow of a growth of bushes, and even to carry over them. Others give it to low lands on which large trees grow, and which, when cleared, may, in dry seasons, be ploughed.

This indefinite manner of speaking is not very well calculated to give correct information. One man will tell of clearing up a bog and of raising corn and potatoes and clover and herd's grass; while another, who has a bog, cannot get either of them to grow at all on it, and yet they are both called bogs. There is also much to be learned in regard to the proper mode of reclaiming bogs, notwithstanding so much has been written upon the subject. We have noticed, on some "bog lands," that the "blue joint" would spring up and grow rank and flourish for a year or two, and make a profitable crop, and then disappear, and none of it be seen for years. This "blue joint" is a valuable grass, but its natural history is little understood—its habits, and what it requires in order to flourish, are yet to be learned.

The "fowl meadow grass" is rather better known and understood, but all its requirements of successful culture are not yet known. One thing is pretty certain, that the surface of the bog soil must be kept up light, in some way, if you would have it flourish. Thus, where there is a multitude of roots of trees, that prevent the soil from becoming matted down solid, the fowl meadow will grow well; but after these roots have become destroyed in any way, and the soil becomes settled down and solid, and perhaps imbibing more water, good bye to your fowl meadow grass. What the best kinds of dressing are for lands of this description, cannot now be told. We mean those bogs that are under water half the year or more, by the flowage of mill dams, or by natural obstructions equivalent to mill dams. We would recommend to some of the agricultural schools that are springing up in different parts of the Union, to pay attention to this branch of agricultural science.

We commend it to the consideration of Dr. Lee, of the Genesee Farmer, and principal of the agricultural school, in the vicinity of Rochester. He has done well in the analysis of clover and wheat, &c., and told us to a hair's breadth, what was needed in order to make these invaluable crops flourish. Will he descend into the bogs—the "Serbian bogs," and tell us what the hay that they yield is actually worth as a nutrient for farm stock? What is to be added to make it equal to clover—what, and how much must be added, either in the shape of Indian meal, or oats, or barley—or what is wanted to neutralize any substances in it that may hinder, rather than promote nutrition. We are aware that this is a small job, but when done, "if it were well done," it would be a valuable acquisition to our stock of knowledge.

We are all aware that the Duke of Bedford, in England, had a great number of the grasses analyzed by his gardener, Mr. Sinclair; but this analysis was very general, and did not comprise many, if any, of the products of our American bogs—such as the flat grasses, (*carex*) poly pods, gun bright or scouring rush (*equisetum*) &c. &c. The botanical department of agricultural knowledge is yet in its infancy.

THE HOG ARTICHOKE OF TENNESSEE.

We have heard much of the "Hog Artichoke," and have made some queries respecting them. Our friend Dr. Ward, of Augusta, Ga., has a communication on this subject, in this (January) number of Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture, in which he illustrates the difference between the tubers or roots, as some call them, of the two varieties, viz: the common Jerusalem Artichoke and the "Hog Artichoke." From his remarks, we are led to conclude that the Jerusalem Artichoke will yield as much amount of root,

or tuber, as the other kind, but whether it is as nutritive or more so, we cannot say. We could never make a hog root for the Jerusalem artichoke, and therefore supposed that there was something in the other kind more attractive to that animal, but Dr. Ward says, "as to the taste of hogs for them, it seems to be an acquired one, like that of men for oysters, or pickled olives. They almost always reject them at first, but after a while begin to relish, and then become ravenously fond of them,—turning up and pulverizing the soil to a great depth, in search of the smallest fragment. There is a great difference of opinion as to their value in an economical point of view; some unhesitatingly pronouncing them a humbug, while others think they are destined to produce as important a change in our rural economy, as did the introduction of root culture into England. For myself I believe that with judicious management, they may be made greatly to reduce the expense of raising pork, and that they would be well worth cultivating were it only for their effect in renovating the soil."

BUCKWHEAT FOR SHEEP.

The best food for sheep, during the winter, must certainly be that which will keep them in good condition of body, and at the same time produce the most wool. Some recommend corn, but corn, it is pretty certain, while it will fatten them, will make the wool more coarse. Others recommend oats, while others aver that beans are far preferable to any thing, as they contain some of the elementary principles that are essential to the formation of wool.

We find in Morrell's American Shepherd, a work by the way, exceedingly valuable to any man who keeps sheep, a letter from Mr. John Johnston of Geneva, New York, on the subject of keeping sheep. And he there makes, as the result of his experiments, the following statement: "I think buckwheat quite equal to corn as feed for sheep."

Among the experiments which Mr. J. relates, we select the following: "Since the year 1840 I have adopted a different system of keeping my sheep, at least so long as my straw holds out, which is generally until the middle of February or first of March.

In 1840 I entered the winter with 1050 sheep, allowing them as much straw in their racks as they would eat, and some to waste. In addition to the straw I fed one bushel of oats, or one bushel of corn-meal (oats also mixed in grinding) to every 100 sheep per day, except my lambs, which were fed on hay. Under this treatment my sheep on my farm, full as well as when fed on hay alone. I threshed every week, and consequently the straw was always sweet."

He also says, in regard to the quantity of hay necessary to winter a sheep, that "where the pastures are close fed by the end of November, and where sheep are on hay 150 days, (five months,) I believe each sheep will in that period consume 500 lbs. of hay if fed nothing else."

STONES AND STONE WALLS. The farmers of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales, enclose their arable lands with hedges, a species of fence, which, although recommended by its many excellent characteristics, has never been extensively introduced in this country, except in some few sections, where local circumstances have favored the innovation, and where, from the scarcity and high price of the ordinary materials for fencing, it is apparently in a fair way to be appreciated at its proper value.

On most farms in this region, the chief reliance for fencing materials, is placed on wood and stone. Stone wall constitutes, perhaps, one of the best fences a farmer can construct; and where the soil is encumbered with rocks, either small or large, the possessor has the means of erecting lines of durable enclosure at small expense, and a motive for so doing, which, with the defence, embraces also the improvement of his lands.

IMPORTANT FACT. Thier, in his "Principles of Agriculture," says that "All organic substances which have entered into a state of putrefaction, or decomposition, contain the elements necessary for the reproduction of the vegetables which we cultivate. If, by means of seeds, or roots, we bring the germs of some particular plant in contact with these substances, and all the other details pertaining to the operation, are properly attended to, plants of similar species to that which we set, will be produced. All soils contain the alkali proper for every kind of plant, but not in equal proportions of alimentary substances. In fact, it is well known that one kind of land favors the vegetation of one kind of plant, while others are peculiarly favorable to an entirely different kind."

This phenomenon has doubtless been witnessed by our agricultural friends, in a variety of instances. In our forests, dissimilarity of product is the grand distinctive feature—pine &c., on one kind of land, and oak on another. This fact is worthy of attention. w.

HINTS TO ORCHARDISTS.

My apples are much larger and better flavored since I ploughed and manured my orchard than they were before. She is a large woman, and without doubt, she knows and has told the truth. I hope I shall hear from some of your numerous readers a view similar story, since the potato crop has become unfavorable.

In my opinion, apples are quite a benefit to cows, sheep, swine, poultry, &c., rightly dealt to them. I have boiled apples and potatoes together. Two parts potatoes and one of apples, with the addition of a little Indian meal, make good food for swine and turkeys, and many more. Editor and printer, have, not you, Mr. Editor, had an opportunity of forming an opinion by sight if not by taste, of a few of my turkeys. A SUBSCRIBER.

North Turner Bridge, Jan., 1847.

HOUSE ASHES.

On many farms the surplus ashes, after enough has been reserved for the domestic requirements of soap-making, are usually disposed of to those whose business it is to collect this material for the soap manufacturers or others, at a price merely nominal. No farmer or gardener, who rightly appreciates their value or his own interests, will ever dispose of his unleached ashes at less than seventy-five cents per bushel. Whatever may be the geological formation or constitutional texture of his farm, it is scarcely within the limits of probability that there are sections, or "spots," at least, on which the application of ashes, either as a top-dressing, or in compost, would not be highly salutary to the soil, and beneficial to the crop. A farmer of much observation, in the good old agricultural State of Connecticut, says, in a letter recently received, that he has found by accurate experiment, that for every bushel of ashes applied to his corn crop, for the last ten years, he has received an additional bushel of corn as the result.

Professor Jackson, in one of his highly able and scientific lectures in Boston, illustrating the manner in which the improvement of soil, immediate and permanent, may be effected, says that "a farm within his knowledge, with a blowing sand, a pine barren, and almost hopeless soil, on which ten bushels of corn to the acre could scarcely be grown, by the judicious application of ashes, has been made to produce forty or fifty bushels to the acre."

In commenting upon this assertion, one of our most able agricultural writers says:—"We do not question the correctness of Dr. Jackson's statements. Our observation has convinced us that on sandy soils, with the exception of clay soil, there is nothing more beneficial in the application to such soils, than ashes; and very fortunately, these are common quantities of acids exist in such soils, leached ashes are very nearly as beneficial as unleached ones. Ashes effect what lime cannot: they render the soil more tenacious of moisture, and although their action is not as prompt or efficient on our cold soils, they are, for the reason assigned, considered as valuable on light sandy ones."

Of the value of ashes on corn and wheat lands—both leached and unleached—the farmers of Long Island and New Jersey have long been fully aware. The knowledge there obtained by experiment, has since happily been disseminated to other regions, and ashes are now esteemed by many as an article worthy of being preserved.

POTATOES—CUTTING OFF THEIR TOPS.

Mr. HOLMES: For many years I have been a subscriber and reader of your paper, and by I have often been amused and instructed, and I think it is but justice to observe, that, although the most of the ideas that find room in your paper for deposit and general information are worthy of that record as well as of general acceptance; still it is to be expected that error will sometimes find its way into your agricultural, as well as into other useful and miscellaneous papers, and I will merely observe that error sometimes gets along with the signature of very respectable names. This too, is to be expected. I will not suppose that any farmer is so fond of writing as to write and put to it his signature for publication, unless he thought to promote some public benefit. Be this as it may, all is not gold that shines, nor all plausible theory beneficial in practice; so I will to my story.

Since the potato plague or rot made its appearance in Penobscot, I will rather say in my vicinity, which was not until 1845, that year the potato crop was almost a failure. In this state of things we began to look for a remedy for this sore evil, but to the question, what can be done? we were in the same predicament with others who asked it. We looked to the agricultural, and all other papers that treated on the subject, but little information that was satisfactory could be obtained to mitigate, or remedy the evil in future. My neighbors and myself wanted to know a remedy in future, quite as much or more than we wanted to know whether it was an animalcule or a reptile of sap that caused the blight; rot or mortification, whatever was the cause; to us potato growers, it was less material than an easy remedy at our control in future. But, Dear Sir, all that I saw written or heard said on the subject of rot and remedy, appeared to me a confused and unsatisfactory mass of information. It is an old proverb that a drowning man will catch at a straw. This is true in analogy if not in fact; so I think I, if my potatoes begin to show symptoms of rot in 1846, I will try the best attended remedy that I had got hold of; that was to cut off the tops of part of my potatoes and try the experiment. I had seen this course recommended by Dr. Burnham, of Orland. Being that I was a doctor, &c., I thought he ought to know whereof he wrote, although I must confess that my own sagacity would never have suggested such a course. However, beside the doctor's authority, I recollect to have seen it recommended in former years, when hay was scarce, to cut off the tops of potatoes for winter fodder, with the assurance that the crops would not be injured by such cutting. But to make a long story as short as convenient, in 1846 my potatoes were about half grown when my Chenangoes, in particular, showed, as I thought, unequivocal signs of the disorder of 1845. So to work I went and carefully cut off the tops of about half an acre of that kind, being about one half the Chenangoes that I had growing; they were cut close with sharp jack-knives; the experiment was fairly tried. I left the tops uncultivated on either side of the cut ones, and I have no hesitation in saying that the potatoes where cut nearly stopped growing as soon as the tops were cut off, and resulted in the loss of more than one-third of the crop. Besides, the potatoes did not look nearly as healthy at digging where the tops were cut. They seemed to have gone through a trying revolution or fermentation, and looked as if they had nearly burst their skins in trying to sprout,

to grow, or to bring about some other state. It is my opinion if the weather had been unusually wet, the cut potatoes would have started to grow or have rotted worse than where the tops were left on. On the whole, I now believe no good will come from cutting the tops any year. My experiment is the only one I have heard of in my vicinity, but I believe it will effectually admonish my neighbors to let their potatoes grow according to nature, with the tops on. It is certain that the potato crop is of immense importance to Maine, and it is equally certain that it is of great importance to our farmers to be acquainted all that will in any way be of advantage in growing and preserving so important a crop. Without any doubt, within the good State of Maine, in the last year, many experiments were tried for the bettering the crop of potatoes. Whether such experiments were successful or not, it is my opinion, if you could obtain their results, that a space in your paper, occasionally, would be profitably occupied by their insertion. It is my opinion, Mr. Editor, that a plain narrative of experiments, by plain farmers, told in a plain way, among most of your readers, would find more attentive and careful reading, than long scientific, learned treatises on chemistry, magnetism, or any science of alike obscurity to common farmers. I merely give my own opinion, Mr. Editor.

As to my course in future, I intend to plant on warm early land and plant early varieties mostly. I think the early Bluesones as good as any, whether for table or shipping. Thus far, in this vicinity, this kind has proved less liable to be diseased than any kind I know of, and are worth more per bushel than any kind, except the Carter, or, as they are called here, the Jacksons, and are much sorer against rot than that kind or any kind I know of. The early Bluesones want the land made tolerable, but not very rich, and made very mellow with the plough.

My friend Gilmore, the garden-seed man, of Newburg, tells me that he, and his neighbors, at his suggestion, have been in the practice, for some years, of planting their small sized potatoes, and selling or using the large ones. If he had not small ones of his own to plant, he would swap large ones for small. He says the small ones are more healthy and are more likely to produce a more healthy crop than large cut ones. This is worth the consideration of farmers; I shall give it a trial. Winter is a good time to sort out good shaped, small sized, healthy looking potatoes. Many little beauties to plant may be found among the pig potatoes. A hint to the wise is sufficient. S. STETSON.

Stetson, Penobscot Co., Jan., 1847.

KILL YOUR MICE.

Mr. HOLMES: A friend of mine told me a few weeks ago how to kill mice, which takes the shine, I think, off of every thing of the kind which I have ever seen or heard before. I asked him to publish it in the "Farmer"; but his answer was, like too many of our farmers, "O, I am not used to writing for the paper, and there would not be 'snap and flash' enough about it, as Jennie calls it, and they wouldn't publish it. But," he added, "you may, if you're a mind to."

A few years ago when mice were so thick in this section, and ate up whole fields of potatoes, in some places, he had many of his potatoes begin to form, he obtained some arsenic and made some Indian meal dough and put the arsenic in it. This dough he put under the stems in his potato field, and under the fences where the rain could not get at it. In one week, he says, not a mouse was to be seen. Many around him had their potatoes destroyed by bushes, while not one of his was killed.

He said if those who had nurseries would put a little of this dough in them, and cover it over in such a manner that the mice could get at it and rain could not, their trees would not be hurt by the mice.

A quart of the dough is enough for an acre of potatoes.

PICKLED BEET.

Bowdoinham, Jan. 2d, 1847.

CAPS FOR HAY.

Mr. HOLMES: It was an old adage "in peace prepare for war"; but I say, in winter prepare for summer, so I proceed. A year ago last summer I used hay caps, that is, pieces of cloth about five feet square, with a stick some eighteen inches long fastened to each corner, and spread one over every cock of hay, and the sticks inserted in the hay, which prevented the wind from blowing them off. This I did every night, and did not allow even the dew to blacken my hay. When the weather looked bad I put up my hay, sometimes when it was hardly wilted, and had it stand at one time, seven or eight days without almost incessant foul weather, and when I opened it, the hay was completely cured to the very top. All that was injured was a little near the ground; and this so little, that the hay, in winter, was pronounced, by good judges, first rate. All my neighbors' hay that was out was literally spoiled, for none were caps. I have no doubt but that in single storm fifty tons of hay were spoiled in the town of Bangorville, which would have commanded eight dollars per ton. Yes, four hundred dollars in the little town of Bangorville! Now, how many caps would that have purchased? Let us see. Thirty inch cotton cloth, which is sufficient, at seven cents per yard, would cost, say twenty-four cents, (three yards and a foot would make a cap) so that four hundred dollars would procure cloth for sixteen hundred and sixty-six, allowing almost a cent as a fraction on each cap. Now fifteen cents of that size are sufficient to protect a ton of hay, so that sixteen hundred and sixty-six caps would protect one hundred and eleven tons of hay. Yes, the bare loss, above mentioned, would have procured caps enough to have secured eight hundred and eighty-eight dollars' worth of hay. Perhaps you will say I did wrong in reckoning the total loss of the

hay; but several told me that the time spent in good weather, in drying and securing the damaged hay, was more than it was worth; it put them back in making their other, which, we all know, ripens fast after a long storm, so that the actual damage to the latter hay, was more than the damaged hay was worth. My hay is so free from dust that a person afflicted with the asthma would hardly suspect the presence of dust in handling it. I swapped horses last winter, and took a horse that was supposed to be rather used up with the heaves; put him on my clean hay and he soon began to amend, and although I have kept him to hay as much as he would eat, he is as free from any appearance of heaves as he ever was, and stands fast driving, with as little puffing, as well as any horse that I ever drove. I am full in the belief, with some of the English writers, that bad hay is generally the cause of heaves in horses. J. L. Sangerville, Jan., 1847.

COST OF KEEPING HENS.

We are requested to state the cost of keeping hens. This is a very difficult subject. The prices of grain and other food vary materially in different sections. Hens vary in size and voracity; they also vary in the production of eggs, which makes a great difference in food consumed. Some grow fat and lay, and eat but little, while others are active and productive, consequently they eat more. There is a great difference in different breeds in eating, as well as in other qualities.

Some kinds of food are much cheaper than others. In some sections farmers can raise potatoes for hogs and poultry, cheaper than they can grain, but in this vicinity it costs twice or three times as much to keep hens on potatoes as it does on grain.

We can only calculate on the usual quantity of food consumed, and from that estimate the expense in different sections, according to the price. Hens that are confined so that they can eat no food, excepting what is given them, will eat from one to one and a half bushels of corn each, in a year. From this the expense may be determined, and comparing corn with other food, the quantity in other kinds may be nearly determined; at least every one may settle the question to suit himself.

Some say that four, others that six bushels of potatoes are equivalent to a bushel of corn or meal, in feeding stock. Corn is usually the cheapest grain that can be given; they are very fond of it, and it is an excellent food; but it is better to feed also with one, two or three other kinds of grain.

Barley, oats, wheat, rye, buckwheat, millet, and rice are all good, and they like a change. It is best to give a variety, and feed mostly on the cheapest kinds. Potatoes, when boiled and mashed up with meat and bran, are excellent, they are very fond of it. Answer to inquiries about artificial chicken hatches postponed for want of room.—[Boston Cultivator.]

NOTE. We have found corn and cobs ground in Pitts' corn and cob grinder, a very excellent article to feed hens.

They will eat all, whether given to them dry, or scalded and made into dough. [E. Me. Far.]

IMPORTANT INVENTION IN WINDOW BLINDS.

While in Philadelphia, we were graciously thrown into company with Mr. Samuel Litch, an intelligent citizen of Litch, in our own country. He has recently secured letters patent for an apparatus to open, shut, bolt, and place firmly, in any desirable position, the outside shutters or blinds of windows. For example: you stand in front of the window, within; the shutters supposed to be closed and bolted in the usual manner—by simply drawing a knob, fixed in the frame of the window, like the knob of a door-bell to the door-frame, and giving a gentle twist or turn, the bolt flies open. Now, then: below this knob, and upon either side, is a lever, inserted also in the frame of the window; the lever extends to the shutter outside, the ends containing teeth, which connect a small wheel attached to the edge of the shutter. Turn this lever and the shutter flies open. If you desire the shutters to remain in "a-bow," withdraw your hand from the lever, and 'tis bolted. If you desire them to open wide and fall in their accustomed position against the wall of the house, turn the lever again until their place is gained, and—the lever dropped, they are firmly fastened. The lever, when inactive, operates as a bolt in every respect. To close them, the operation is reversed upon the lever. All this may be accomplished as quick as thought—in a moment—and the necessity of going outside the house, or of even holding the window, is entirely and altogether obviated. The invention is an important one, and will meet with decided approbation wherever introduced. The cost of this apparatus, for ordinary purposes, will be from 50 cents to \$3. It would be worth the money if its cost were fifty dollars.—[Lancaster Farmer.]

URGENT BRICKS. The erection of houses with unbaked bricks, according to the plan of a recent report issued by the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, has been commenced in this vicinity. Mr. John Hancock has built a neat cottage of the material moulded and manufactured in August last by Mr. Edward Cox, brickmaker, from clay obtained near the Washington Cotton Factory, at Gloucester Point, N. J. In the course of a few weeks they became thoroughly hard and dry through the influence alone of the sun and wind. Each brick is 12 inches long, 6 inches broad, and 6 inches deep—containing quantity and substance equal to about four common bricks and one third. The experiment is completely successful, and if extensively adopted, will effect a great saving of expense in buildings in many parts of the Union. [Norwich News.]

A GREAT YIELD. R. B. Allen, Esq., of this town, raised the last year, 135 bushels of Carrots on 45 square rods of land. Best this year can. [Belfast Signal.]

Improve the mind, the heart and the soil.

SONG OF THE WINTER-KING.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

I come! I come! with my frosty breath,
To blight your fields, and to scatter death;
My ear is seen in the ragged cloud,
My voice is heard when the storm-wind loud;
My merciless hand
Shall cover the land
With chains of ice and a snowy shroud!
I'll seize each atom in my ruthless grasp,
And every vale in my cold arms clasp;
The forest oaks at my nod will shake,
And fast I'll fetter the stream and lake;
The sun will look down,
And nature's self at my reign shall quake!
With desolate frown,
And nature's self at my reign shall quake!
I'll rush at night from my hidden seat,
And where some pilgrim alone is found,
I'll bind him still on the frozen ground;
And as the storm moans
He will utter his groans,
And I'll laugh at the dismal sound.
I'll seek some widow in lonely cot,
Where peace and plenty inhabit not;
And where the flame in the cold hearth dies,
Heeding not tears, nor cold, nor cries,
I'll seize the fond child,
Rave the never so wild,
And bid her look where the victim lies!
I'll ride the gale to the roaring sea,
Where sailors' cries will my welcome be;
I'll sport awhile with the reeling mast,
Then crash the ship with a fearful blast,
And mock at the prayer
That utters there.
And flee away when the sound is past.
I'll clothe the earth with my shuffling shoes,
And we shall be where my track is seen;
The leaves shall fall and the birds take wing,
When first I approach the Winter King:
A sound will go out,
With echoing shout,
"Beware! beware! of the Winter King!"

CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY.

[We have been furnished by the Rev. H. B. Holmes, of Auburn, Worcester, Mass., with the following extracts from a letter received by him from a friend, in regard to the culture of the cranberry. Eds.]

"1st. You must not think of sowing the seed, but set out the roots.

"2d. You wish to know how to prepare the ground. It is important that you contrive some way to prevent and destroy the growth of the grass and bushes, if there are any. This can be done either by plowing, burning, or covering with gravel.

"3d. How to set out the roots. After the land is prepared, procure your roots in bunches about as large as it is convenient to take up with a common shovel. It is important to be careful in taking up the roots. Have a sharp shovel or spade, so as to disturb them as little as possible, and turn aside the vines, so as not to cut them off. Dig a place in your prepared ground about the size of your bunches of roots and set them in. You can have them as near as hills of Indian corn usually are, or nearer if you please. The nearer they are the sooner they will cover the ground. They are not difficult to make live, but the better you prepare the ground, and the more carefully you set them out, the better they will flourish.

"4th. As to the time of setting them out. This may be done in the autumn or spring; but I should prefer the spring; because when set in out in the autumn, the frost is apt to throw them out of their place. This however can be prevented by a little flowing. I should set them out as early as possible in the spring. As to flowing. It is regarded as very important to be able to flow at pleasure. Supposing you set out your roots next spring; if you can flow them a little in the coming fall and winter, just so they may not be troubled by the frost and consequent heaving of the ground, they will come out bright and healthy in the spring.

"5th. During the summer when the vines are growing, and the fruit is upon them, it is important to look out for the weather, and if there is danger of frost, flush the water over the ground, so as to prevent the bad effects upon the vines and the crop. When you can flow at pleasure in this way, you are almost sure of a crop annually." [Albany Cult.]

PATENT BRICK-PRESSING MACHINE.

During our visit to Philadelphia, last week, we stepped into the Merchants' Exchange, to see the model of the Patent Brick Press, noticed in our columns two weeks ago. It is the simplest contrivance imaginable. Its operation is something similar to that of a cylinder Printing Machine: there are two wheels revolving one above the other, and between them is a shaft, containing the moulds of the bricks. This shaft is pushed to and fro by two wheels. The holes in this platform or shaft, are filled as it passes between the wheels, from the hopper surrounding the upper wheel, into which the clay is thrown. No sooner does the clay fall into the holes, than the shaft moves between the wheels and receives the pressure. As soon as it passes the wheels, a spring is touched at a certain point, which forces up the bottom pieces of each mould, raises the bricks already pressed, above the level of the platform, and immediately another shaft springs out from the side, and with a single sweep, removes the bricks from the moulds, and stands them on a siding, ready to be taken to the kiln! From three to five revolutions per minute can be made, each revolution turning out from ten to fourteen bricks, well pressed and moulded. Four hands are required to attend the machine: two to supply the hopper with clay, one to remove the bricks as pressed, and another to attend the motive power. The machine may be propelled by steam or horse power, and can be manufactured at a cost of from \$800 to \$1000.—[Lancaster Farmer.]

NOT A NATIVE. The following scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness, all the way from Rotterdam:

Judge—"What is your native language?"

Witness—"I pe no native, I's a Dutchman."

Judge—"What's your mother tongue?"

Witness—"O, fader say she pe tongue."

Judge—"In an irritable tone." "What language did you speak in the cradle?"

Witness—"I did not speak no language in de cradle at all, I only speak in Dootch."

The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

MANUAL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE.

TRANSLATED, FOR THE MAINE FARMER, FROM THE FRENCH OF L'Encyclopedie des Sciences et des Arts, WITH NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

Abcesses. A collection of pus or liquid matter in any fleshy part. It should be opened with a knife and the matter discharged, as soon as its existence is ascertained.

Anticor. A large fleshy swelling upon the breast. The horse should be put upon a light diet, and a rowel passed through the most elevated part of the swelling.

Asthma. Horses are very subject to this disease, which appears very much like the heaves. If the horse has no more distemper, he should be bled and purged, after being kept for two or three days on light food. The same diet should be continued for some time afterwards, and he should have, twice a day, three or four spoonfuls of the garlic syrup, No. 4, or the syrup of squills.

Recipe No. 4. Garlic, chopped fine, a pound—steep for twelve hours in a pint and a half of hot water—strain and press it, and make it into a syrup with two pounds of brown sugar.

[NOTE. Green food, or sweet hay cut and moistened, should be given him. Musty or dusty hay aggravates the disease. Ed.]

Bad Shoeing.

Bad shoeing injures the feet of a horse in many ways, which we shall not stop to describe here; but whenever a horse is found to be lame, soon after being shod, the first thing to be done is to take off the shoes, and afterwards proceed according to circumstances. If the shoes are in fault, the lameness will cease at once, of course.

Bites of Poisonous Animals.

Horses are exposed in the pasture to be bitten or stung by a great number of insects and animals, more or less venomous. This occasions a painful swelling, accompanied by considerable inflammation and fever—the horse loses his appetite and sleep, and the wound may become a sore difficult of cure, or the horse may die of the irritation and fever. As soon as the horse is known to be poisoned in this way, the wound should be washed with lye, or warm soap suds, and the spirit extracted. The wound must be enlarged and a little spirits of hartshorn or vinegar turned into the opening—rub the wound with a mixture of equal parts of oil and spirits of hartshorn—put on a poultice made of bitter herbs—put the horse upon a strict diet, and give him two or three times a day, a pint of strong decoction of wormwood, or some other bitter herb, with half a spoonful of spirits of hartshorn added to each dose. The mixtures, Nos. 33 and 34, may be given with advantage in such cases. If an abcess is formed, it should be treated the same as any other abcess.

For the bites of mad animals, nearly the same treatment should be adopted, or perhaps it will be still better to cauterize the wound to the bottom with a red-hot iron, touching carefully with the iron every place where the teeth have been—then smear the wound with blistering ointment, and finish the treatment as recommended above. Turpentine and flax-seed poultices should be applied when the wound begins to discharge matter, and occasionally a dose of the purgative No. 25 should be given.

Recipe No. 33. Mithridate, an ounce; salt of tartar, two drachms; oil, four ounces; infusion of rue, a pint. Mix. To be given for one dose.

No. 34. Mithridate, an ounce; Peruvian bark, in powder, half an ounce; anniseed, an ounce; castor oil, eight ounces. Mix in a pint of warm gruel. Or, take mithridate, an ounce; Peruvian bark, two ounces; anniseed, half an ounce. Mix in a pint of decoction of rue or wormwood.

No. 35. Senna, two ounces; put it in a pint of boiling water and let it stand two hours—strain it and press it thoroughly—put in four ounces of Glauber's salts, half an ounce of salts of tartar, two drachms of aloes in powder, and a glass of alcohol.

Bleyme.

A collection of bloody matter in the sole of the foot under the frog, commonly caused by a severe bruise. When there is only a red spot to be seen, the frog should be carefully pared away and the blood

The Muse.

[From the Pen of N. Y. Citizen.]

LINES ON RE-VISITING AUGUSTA.

Though away in the West, by the famed Genesee,
Where the winds o'er Wyoming play wildly and free,
Where a lake reflects light like the gleaming of steel,
O'er the valley of Perry and hills of Castle—
Though, there, near the outlet that winds down the dell,
The mate of my bosom and little one dwell,
And hill and dale and valley in verdure are drest,
O'er the valley of Perry and hills of Castle—
Yet dear to this heart are Maine's towering hills,
Her evergreen pines and her chrysanthemum fields,
Her mountains and gleams of old Ocean's wild waves,
For her beam-crested rocks where the storm-spirits rave.

For these are the scenes o'er which fancy had thrown
The richest enchantment to infancy known,
When I lived, in the morn of my boyhood, to stray
And watch from yon cliffs, o'er the sea's vast expanse,
As he rose in his grandeur and glories to kiss
The valley below, and the bright Genesee.

It was here my young heart learned to burn and to glow,
To soar into rapture, or sink into gloom,
To catch from the scenery wild and sublime,
An impress ne'er darkened by sorrow or time.

Mid these hills, too, I heard the rude tales of my sire,
How they battled and died for their altars and fire,
While the drum and the fife, and the pander of power,
Were taught by their prowess, in battle to roar,
When Freedom, young Freedom, from slumber awoke,
And the bondage of tyrants indignantly broke.

The withery, too, of sweet Poesy came,
And shrouded in my mind the scenes of my dream,
But I find her enchantments, though dimming and bright,
Too oft yielding milder and blinding and blight,
And sought for sedition, it suited me best,
Through the mists of a fancy, to see the West.

And changed these high hills and yon river and sea,
For a home retreat by the dark Genesee.
Though retired in this heart is the home of the West,
For each hill and dale, and the pander of power,
I love thee, Augusta, thy temples and towers,
Thy neat shady walks and thy vine-covered bowers,
And stray, as in boyhood, by yon silver stream,
As it sparkles and flows in the sun's warm beam.

And fancy the friends that my childhood held dear,
As wont in our pasture, still circle me here—
That the timid and lovely, the sweet and the mild,
The frank and the fearless, the true and the wild,
Still gladden the circle, still brighten the cheer
That these loved haunts to my infancy dear.

Yet, alas, on you, hill, beneath the low drooping willow,
With the earth for a couch and the pander of power,
The cold marble palaces, to the vision's eye,
And tells where the loved of my boyhood now lie.

Where the lovely and loving affection sleep,
Though many have fallen, yet many remain
To gladden my heart on this visit again;
But the little smile of childhood, that greeted of yore,
Is seen on the features of friends to no more—
Though shaded by sorrow, by time, or by care,
The glow of affection yet mingles there.

The truth speaking eye, the warm pressing hand,
Still welcome me to the scenes of my dream,
Though away in the West, my heart absent be,
Mid "the banks and the breeze" of the wild Genesee.

A Visitor.

The Story-Teller.

[From Graham's Magazine.]

DAVID HUNT.

A STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER IV.

The jail was built of logs, and erected after the usual fashion of such buildings, but the windows were heavily grated, and the large bars were bolted together with iron bars, which formed a massive wall scarcely less vulnerable than granite itself. The doors, too, were knobbed with great spike nails, and bolted with massive bars, just as they came from the forge. Altogether, though rudely built, the jail was not only strong but well guarded, and it must have been a desperate man indeed who could hope for escape when once immured within its rugged walls.

But the stout farmer, who was the only important prisoner in the building, had little thought of escape. If the massive logs could have crumbled to dust at his feet, David Hunt would not have fled one step from the captivity in which his friends and neighbors had placed him. Still imprisonment was a weary trial to an old man who had been all his life an active citizen of the soil—a healthy, enterprising, cheerful farmer. He felt restless, and sometimes almost wretched, cooped up—as he expressed it—like a barn-door fowl with its wings clipped; sometimes he gazed with fits of childlike melancholy, for innocent or guilty of Isaac Shaw's death—the old man could not but feel the event deeply; the more so as his gentle and suffering daughter was always near to remind him, by her sad and mournful attempts at cheerfulness, how terribly she felt the event which had rendered her young heart desolate.

Sometimes, David Hunt would give way to fits of sturdy indignation against those who had placed him in confinement, and again he would admit, with simple-hearted candor, that appearances were strong against him, and he could not but blame those who, on evidence so conclusive, had dragged him from his quiet home, and shut him up, to undergo a disgraceful trial for the murder of a man whom he had loved as a son.

"I would not have cared," said David to his daughter, on the morning after Constable Johnson had been at the jail to warn him of Wheeler's visit, "I would not have cared a bean-stalk about being shut up here, if I didn't have to see every scoundrel that chooses to come in and ask me impudent questions. It's bad enough to think that poor Ike is gone—don't turn pale, don't cry so, Hannah—your mother did not think I was, if I did bring home the money with red hands! You don't know my own daughter will never believe it."

"No, no, my father—my dear, good father! never think it again," exclaimed Hannah, winding her arms around the stout old man and kissing his brown cheek, while she trembled and wept with agitation. "But he is dead—dead and gone—and, oh father, how I did love him!"

"I know it, girl, I know it well enough," said the prisoner, bending the pale head of his child back between both his great hands and kissing her forehead, while his stout form trembled and tears ran down his cheeks. "I know you loved him, and he was as good a fellow as ever lived; but if he is in Heaven, Hannah—and why not? he was good enough to go there, though he was a member to any church—if the law can only look down from Heaven now, he knows that I did not do it!—why Hannah, I loved him most as you did!"

David Hunt sank down to a bench that ran across his prison room, and, covering his face with both his hands, sobbed aloud, though he was ashamed of his tears, and struggled hard against them. Hannah crept to his side, and bending her fair head upon his breast tried to comfort him.

"I didn't do it, Hannah—the God of Heaven knows I didn't," he pined in his throat. "I look down-hearted sometimes, I know that—but it isn't a guilty conscience. They may hang me to-morrow, if they like, but I'll cry 'not guilty' with my last breath. They shan't point you out, Hannah, after I'm gone and say, 'there goes the man who murdered poor old Ike.' They shan't, I say—they never shall do that, Hannah!"

And pressing the poor weeping girl to his broad bosom, with both his arms, David Hunt swayed to and fro on his seat, protesting that he was innocent, and trying to soothe her grief. But when she moved on his bosom and tried to murmur words of confidence and hope through her tears, he burst forth again.

"Never mind, girl, never mind—they may do it if they like—my own old neighbors, too—let them hang me, let them! I will take you with me. We will go together; for I would like to see you see them strangling your father like a dog—wouldn't it, Hannah? That will be best; and we can be buried in one spot, down in the woods, close by your mother—Don't take on so—don't take on Hannah—we shall find them both in another world! Poor Ike, and your mother, too; but you must go with me, Hannah, for the first thing she will ask for will be the little girl she left behind her to take care of, and I shan't dare to tell her that I've left you all alone in a world where an honest fellow can be hung for nothing, by his own neighbors, too!"

"Yes, father, we will go together. Neither of us have any thing to live for now," said Hannah Hunt, rising from her father's arms far enough to wind her own around his neck, and laying her pale, wet cheek feebly down on his shoulder. "I am glad, father, that you want me to go with you. The world would be so lonesome after—after that."

David Hunt laid his cheek down to the pale face upon his shoulder, and began rocking her in his arms again, without any other reply; for this rush of passionate feeling had exhausted even his great strength. By degrees both father and child became more calm, but David was still holding the strengthless girl in his arms, when the prison door opened, and William Wheeler entered the room.

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Wheeler began to expostulate again, but the prisoner cut him short.

"It's of no use, I tell you, I am determined to stand trial. I'm not guilty, and I won't sneak away as if I was."

"But they will hang you. Even Judge Church is turning against you now," persisted the young man, becoming more and more anxious.

"Well, let him," cried Hunt, in a broken voice and dashing a tear from his rough cheek; "I shouldn't have believed it of him, though!"

Wheeler was about to urge his purpose still farther, but at that moment the jail door was swung open, and our old friend, the blacksmith, came in. He cast a sharp glance at Wheeler as he entered, and shook Hunt warmly by the hand.

"Well, I have just seen the judge, and he says your trial will certainly come on to-morrow," exclaimed the good man, with a degree of cheerfulness which seemed remarkable under the circumstances. "They are all ready. The attorney has got evidence enough to hangify me; the whole would be complete as a nailed horse-shoe if they could only find the body. It's a pity they can't find the body though, isn't it?"

Hunt shook his head and muttered, "It is strange."

"Got any lawyer feed yet?" inquired the smith.

"No," replied Hunt. "I have no money—besides, what could a lawyer do for me?"

"True enough," rejoined the smith, folding his dusty arms and laughing. "I will be your lawyer. 'What do you say, Hannah, shall I be his lawyer?'"

"You have always been a good friend," said the young girl, smiling faintly through her tears; "you have brought us our meals, and tried to cheer him up every day. No one has ever given us any hope but you."

"Yes, yes, depend on it, the truth will come out at last—such things always do one time or another."

The blacksmith turned half a keener glance under his heavy eyebrows at Wheeler, who had tried to smile and muttered, in the low, silky voice which he could so well assume,

"Certainly, the truth always makes itself known at last."

"Well," continued the smith, wiping his hand on the leather apron which he always wore, and patting Hannah kindly on the head before he took leave of Hunt, "keep up your spirits both of you, that is half the battle. I have left some provisions with the jailer; don't let the thoughts of to-morrow spoil your appetite. Come, Wheeler, are you going my way?"

Wheeler hesitated and looked towards the prisoner, but meeting no encouragement to remain, he followed the smith out with evident reluctance.

On the following day, the Bend was a scene of great bustle and excitement. News of the murder had spread all over the country, and every man or woman who could make business at the county seat went there to witness the trial of David Hunt. Long before noon the main street was alive with people; wagons stood by the way side, and a line of saddle horses extended far down the fence which separated the house-lot, in a corner of which the tavern stood from the highway.

There was no court-house at the county seat, and Judge Church had made arrangements for the trial to take place in the bar-room of his tavern, which was the most capacious apartment at the Bend. Benches were placed in the body of the room, and in order to give an air of magisterial dignity to the whole proceedings, a huge arm chair was raised on a platform, within the little enclosure, which usually served for a bar. A host of decanters and glasses were removed from the little shelf which ran along the front, and two or three port-wine looking law-books, and new sheep-skin covers, occupied their place. As yet, the judge had not taken his seat, and a dense crowd was gathered before the tavern which filled the street almost across to the blacksmith shop, where our friend, the smith, was hard at work preparing shoes for one of the half dozen horses that had been brought to his door. Never had the good man worked with so much vigor as on that morning, when all else seemed to have taken a holiday.

His face glowed in the fire-light; great drops of perspiration rained from his brow, and he swung the heavy sledge-hammer over his head with an impetuosity that made the air ring with a deafening noise over the crowd of persons jostling each other—talking warmly about the trial, with their faces turned in eager curiosity toward the county jail.

The murder had caused great excitement in the country, not only because the young man himself was a general favorite, but from the fact that David Hunt, the person about to be arraigned for trial, had ever been held among the most peaceable and honest farmers in the county. Notwithstanding the strong evidence against him, there might have been many found in that crowd who openly expressed a firm conviction of his innocence, while others seemed willing to pursue him with that wild spirit of persecution which is apt to follow the man accused of a capital crime all over the world, and which has been the cause of so many a needless and cruel cross-road. Foot-paths, both of man and horse, sunk deep in the mud, were trampled all over the road just where a huge oak had been flung across it by the storm. Two or three small branches of the oak, which seemed to have been crushed by some heavy weight falling upon them, were broken, and some of their leaves matted together with blood, while a black stream had flowed over the trunk and stained the earth half a yard round. Most of the blood must have flowed after the rain had ceased, or it must otherwise have been washed away. But further than this no trace of the body could be found, which would not have been the case had the death been accidental. The same company had proceeded to Hunt's dwelling, who would give no account of Shaw's disappearance, but persisted that they had hidden him together the night before, safe and well. A bag of money was found locked in Hunt's chest, a linen coat with blood-stains on the sleeve, was discovered beneath the bed, and Hunt's daughter had acknowledged that the stain was fresh and wet upon it when her father returned home on the night of the storm.

When the attorney had prepared the court for this evidence, he sat down, and the examination of witnesses commenced. Several persons who had been at the Bend that night, were called up, and among them a Mississippi boatman. William Wheeler was among the last. He gave in his evidence in a clear, straightforward manner, as if every word had been studied by heart; but his face was pale, and he never once bent his eyes on any man, but kept them fixed upon the floor, or turning readily from one thing to another all the time he was speaking. When he sat down, Hannah Hunt was called for her evidence. She waved a plump hand, enquired in a low voice, to her husband, who stood at his door nodding his round head

in approbation of her proceedings, as she mounted the tavern steps and allowed the prisoner, almost carrying her companion, in to the temporary court-room, and sat down near the bar.

The judge had taken his seat in the bar when they brought the prisoner in. On his right hand, stood the prosecuting attorney, turning every one of the new law-books with intense interest; on the left side was Constable Johnson, with a large sugar-crusher in his hand, which he now and then struck down upon the railing with great emphasis as he called the court to order.

Hunt was brought in and placed on a bench opposite the judge, who scrupulously averted his eyes from the prisoner's face while the jury was empaneled and the whole preliminaries entered upon. Never had a court been conducted with so much of imposing form as this even solemn, as the prisoner was arraigned. Hunt stood up; his lips turned white, and the hands which he clasped over his breast, shook a little, but his eyes were bent fast on the judge, and he answered, "Not guilty, not guilty so help me God!" in a voice that swelled clear and full through the listening crowd.

As the prisoner sat down again, Hannah cast a look over the crowd, rose to her feet, and supporting her faltering steps by pressing her hand to the wall, went round to the bench he occupied and crept timidly to his side. He did not turn his head or seem to be conscious of the action, but the lines about his mouth began to quiver, and he shut his heavy eyelids hard together once or twice, as if determined to force back the moisture from his eyes before it had time to form into tears.

This stern effort to subdue the feelings tingling at his heart, joined to the feeble and desolate air with which the poor girl had performed her simple act of devotion, had its effect upon the impulsive and ardent beings who surrounded them. That gentle creature, so young, so pure and helpless, as she crept through the outskirts of the crowd, like a pretty fawn following the hunted stag, even among the bounds, and crouched down by the only being left to her on earth, touched their sympathies more than a thousand orations would have done. Though rude backwoods-men, feeling, good and generous feeling, was vigorous in their rough hearts. A whisper ran through the crowd, many an unequal breath was drawn, and more than one heavy lip trembled without speaking. The foreman of the jury—a bluff, half old fellow—drew his coat sleeve across his eyes two or three times. The judge turned uneasily in his chair, and seemed to be diligently counting the glasses crowded on the shelf behind him. While the blacksmith's wife lifted a flaming cotton handkerchief to her face, shook her huge navorino bonnet mournfully, and sobbed aloud.

"This will never do," whispered the prosecuting attorney, leaning toward William Wheeler, who stood close behind him; "who put the girl up to this stage effect?"

Wheeler only replied by a sarcastic and yet ghastly smile.

"May it please your honor, I desire that the young woman there may be removed from the court until she is called upon as a witness," he said, pointing toward poor Hannah.

The blacksmith's wife flung back her navorino, grasped the handkerchief in her hand, and gave the lawyer a look that would have demolished a man of common nerve. The judge turned hastily on his seat, "I'll see you," he checked himself just in time, took up one of the law books, as if to seek for some authority, and then replied with solemn dignity—

"The court has decided that it is no business of yours where the girl sits."

David Hunt, who had grasped his daughter's hand and half risen, sunk back to his seat again as these words fell on his ear, and a murmur of approbation passed through the crowd.

The attorney turned very red, muttered something to Wheeler in an under tone, and after a deal of ostentatious preparation, arose to open his case. The chain of evidence which he proposed to lay before the court was indeed such as left no doubt of the prisoner's guilt. He was ready to prove that Hunt and the deceased had come to the Bend together on the night of the murder, the one with no ostensible business, the other to receive a large sum of money. Eager words and gestures had passed between them at the tavern. Hunt had insisted on riding home through the storm, though the deceased more than once exhibited great reluctance to go. After the two disappeared in the woods to-day, after his horse was found, wandering along the highway, with his saddle torn and soiled with blood, on the one hand, and the bridge hanging in tatters about his head.

William Wheeler and two other men from the Bend had gone to the forest in search of the body, but nothing was to be found except the marks of some violent struggle near the cross-roads. Foot-paths, both of man and horse, sunk deep in the mud, were trampled all over the road just where a huge oak had been flung across it by the storm. Two or three small branches of the oak, which seemed to have been crushed by some heavy weight falling upon them, were broken, and some of their leaves matted together with blood, while a black stream had flowed over the trunk and stained the earth half a yard round. Most of the blood must have flowed after the rain had ceased, or it must otherwise have been washed away. But further than this no trace of the body could be found, which would not have been the case had the death been accidental. The same company had proceeded to Hunt's dwelling, who would give no account of Shaw's disappearance, but persisted that they had hidden him together the night before, safe and well. A bag of money was found locked in Hunt's chest, a linen coat with blood-stains on the sleeve, was discovered beneath the bed, and Hunt's daughter had acknowledged that the stain was fresh and wet upon it when her father returned home on the night of the storm.

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in approbation of her proceedings, as she mounted the tavern steps and allowed the prisoner, almost carrying her companion, in to the temporary court-room, and sat down near the bar.

The judge had taken his seat in the bar when they brought the prisoner in. On his right hand, stood the prosecuting attorney, turning every one of the new law-books with intense interest; on the left side was Constable Johnson, with a large sugar-crusher in his hand, which he now and then struck down upon the railing with great emphasis as he called the court to order.

Hunt was brought in and placed on a bench opposite the judge, who scrupulously averted his eyes from the prisoner's face while the jury was empaneled and the whole preliminaries entered upon. Never had a court been conducted with so much of imposing form as this even solemn, as the prisoner was arraigned. Hunt stood up; his lips turned white, and the hands which he clasped over his breast, shook a little, but his eyes were bent fast on the judge, and he answered, "Not guilty, not guilty so help me God!" in a voice that swelled clear and full through the listening crowd.

per that escaped her lips was so faint that no one heard it.

"Tell the truth, gal, tell the truth," murmured the prisoner from beneath the bench, which shaded the agony which was working in his face. "Tell the whole truth."

The girl cast one look of anguish on the old man, and summoning all her energies, found voice to speak. She admitted that her father had reached home late at night, that he came alone, with blood upon his hand, and gave her some money, tied up in a shot-bag, which she had locked up in his chest. But she said, also, that her father had insisted that Shaw had rode home with him to the door, and had watched and waited for him all night, and that he was about setting forth for the Bend in search of his friend, when persons came to arrest him.

She sat down trembling and faint, amid the sobs and murmurs of an excited audience.

"The judge asked Hunt if he had any witnesses to produce, and if he had no counsel."

"No," said the old man, lifting a face on which the agony of a strong spirit was written. "No, Squire Church, you won't believe me, and I have no other witness. I didn't want any counsel."

The good judge sunk back in his chair, with a disappointed look, and the attorney arose, wiped his mouth, swallowed a drop or two of water, and commenced a bitter and cruel attack upon the prisoner, but neither the judge nor jury were comforted by the restraints imposed on their conduct by the protracted flood of eloquence. They sat restlessly in their seats; one tilted his chair back against the wall, another stretched his feet out to the rest bench, and at last, the judge, after trying various changes of posture, turned, with an air of desperation, towards the clerks behind him, and taking down a box half full of cigars, selected one for himself and passed it over to the jury. Two or three of the bystanders helped themselves as the box passed them, at which the judge nodded a good-humored welcome, while he kindled a match, and deliberately ignited his own cigar, leaned back and smoked away with grave composure, only stopping now and then as some lofty flight of eloquence broke from the lawyer's lips, to knock the ashes away from his Havana against the railing of the bar.

"Pass it to him, pass it to him, have you no manners?" whispered the judge to Constable Johnson, who was leaning forward over the bar, in order to place the box upon its shelf again.

"The constable started back and went eagerly up to the prisoner, but Hunt refused the kind offer, at which the judge shook his head two or three times, for he took the refusal as an evidence of down heartedness which nothing could overcome.

As the lawyer drew toward a close, the judge became much agitated; the cigar went out between his lips, and his face looked pale amid the smoky atmosphere that hung around him. When the man sat down there was silence for more than a minute, profound, death-like silence, and then the judge arose.

"David Hunt—neighbor!—have you nothing to say for yourself?" he exclaimed with a burst of feeling that made the jury start.

David Hunt rose to his feet; a clear, strong light was in his eyes, and, though somewhat pale, he stood firm and collected among his old friends.

"Yes, I have something to say. You will not believe me, but I will speak for myself. All that they have sworn against me is true, and yet all that I have to say is the truth also. I did come to the Bend with poor Isaac Shaw, for I loved the fellow, and in one week he would have been my gal's husband. We came to get money which Judge Church owed him. I found that man in the tavern."

Here the old man lifted up his head and pointed to Wheeler. "He had insulted my daughter—he had tried to carry her off by force. My blood boiled when I saw him. I had promised the poor gal not to touch him, and yet I found it hard work to keep my fingers from his throat. This was the reason I wanted to get home—this was what I was saying to Shaw."

"Yes, I started home. The storm was awful—frees all around us like grass before the scythe. It was very dark but we kept together till a great oak was torn up and fell crash almost over us. Then I thought Shaw was knocked from his horse, I saw him on the ground—so help me God, I speak the truth!—for one moment it seemed to me as if another man was bending over him; he rode up to my side. I had his hand in mine once. The lightning struck again and I saw his face, it was white as a corpse and did not look natural, but the voice sounded like his, though it was smothered by the noisy wind. I left him at the door to put out the horses, and went into the cabin with the money, for he put it in my hand as I gave up my bride. The gal was right—my hand was covered with blood when I went in. I was not hurt—the blood was not mine. It might have been his. The God of heaven knows I did not shed it."

The prisoner sat down, but rose again in an instant.

"Neighbors," he said, stretching forth his hand to the jury, while his eyes flashed and his stout form dilated with intense feeling; "neighbors, I have told you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

He sat down amid the breathless crowd; no one spoke, no one moved, but a sound rang through the hall, like the clashing of a bell, clear and full, like the quick tone of a bell. All at once that ceased and the silence was profound. It was broken at length by the blacksmith's wife, who started up and forcing her way to the door, went out. When she came back her husband was with her. He made way for himself and wife up to the bar, and addressed the judge, who had just risen to commence his charge to the jury.

"I say, squire, supposing you give me a chance first," said the smith rolling down his sleeves; "I reckon as likely as not that I shall have a considerable finger in this pie before it's cooked."

was ghastly and white, and when he raised his voice to expostulate, it was choked, and so husky, that very few heard him.

"Order, order—keep still," resounded through the crowd, and Wheeler, as if restored to some presence of mind, drew back to his old station.

"Well," said the blacksmith, "I want to tell you how I came by these things and get back to my work again. Well, neighbors, you remember the night of the storm, some of you were in town, I shod your horses and worked late to get through. Well, among the rest, Bill Wheeler, there, came in a terrible hurry, and wanted a shoe put on that handsome critter he rides. The animal had a delicate hoof, so I was obliged to make nails on purpose for it—small nails, such as I never made for any other horse on earth."